

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Valperga, or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca. By the Author of 'Frankenstein.' 3 vols. pp. 849. London, 1823.

CONSIDERABLE interest must necessarily be excited in the literary world by the appearance of a new novel from the author of 'Frankenstein,' and our readers will sit down in expectation of the fulfilment of that promise of talent which so extraordinary a work, considered as the production of a young female under twenty years of age, held out. We confess ourselves highly gratified with this specimen, and congratulate the lovers of this branch of literature on a very valuable accession of entertainment and instruction. Before we proceed to notice the merits of this excellent work, we shall give a brief sketch of the story.

Castruccio was the son of Ruggieri del Antelminelli, then the head of one of the most distinguished Ghibeline families in Lucca. His hereditary party-spirit was confirmed at an early age, by the banishment of his faction from Lucca, during the ascendancy of the Guelphs; and at Ancona, whither the exiles retired, his father occupied the remainder of his life in cultivating those talents in the son, which he perceived would one day render him a powerful instrument, not only in re-establishing the importance of his house, but in reinstating the faction to which it belonged in all their former power. In the first year of their banishment, the mother of Castruccio died, and was not long survived by her husband, whom a contagious fever carried to the grave before his son had attained his seventeenth year. Ruggieri, on his death-bed, commended the young Castruccio to the care of Francesco de Guinigi, a man who had been one of his dearest companions in arms, but who, like him, had been exiled, and now passed his days in peace and retirement on a farm in the Euganean hills. Hither Castruccio arrived, and found the military peasant seated at the door of his cottage,

superintending some of the autumnal labours of his farm. The character of Frances Guinigi, replete with benevolence and philanthropy, is finely portrayed, and his lessons of philosophy, though they appear to have had very little influence on the conduct of Castruccio, impressed him with a veneration for the teacher, which afterwards displayed itself in a strong affection for Arrigo Guinigi, his son, whom he placed near his person, and continued in his favour till separated by death. One of the friends of Ruggieri was Messer Antonio dei Adimari, a Florentine by birth, and a Guelph, who resided at the castle of Valperga, of which his wife was countess and castellana. Strong ties of private friendship had subsisted between the families, and when the sentence of banishment was pronounced on the Ghibelines at Lucca, Antonio had made great exertions to save his friend. Euthanasia was the daughter of Antonio, and the friendship between the parents gave birth to a warmer feeling between the children: Euthanasia and Castruccio were lovers. The banishment of Ruggieri had, however, thrown a distance between them, but they had parted with mutual vows of love, when the death of Ruggieri created a new era in the life of Castruccio. After residing with Guinigi for one year, Castruccio paid a visit to England, where he had a rich relation, named Alderigo, a merchant in London. In those days, kings did not disdain to seek friends among those classes of society from which ordinary etiquette would have excluded them, and Alderigo, who had been known and loved by Edward I., procured the introduction of Castruccio to the court of Edward, his son, just at the time when the monarch had so far yielded to the power of the barons, who demanded the banishment of Piers Gaveston, as that he had invested him with the lieutenancy of Ireland, and dismissed him to Dublin. While the barons viewed, with a supercilious smile, the youthful beauty and accomplishments of the stranger, Edward was pleased to behold one, who, by his fo-

reign air and the refinement of his manners, recalled the memory of his exiled favourite: Castruccio was distinguished accordingly, and, after a short time, intrusted with the dangerous commission of communicating to Gaveston his master's wish that he should immediately return. From this period, Castruccio necessarily incurred the hatred of the barons; and a quarrel, which occurred on a hawking party, and in which Castruccio stabbed his adversary, caused his hasty flight from England. He landed in Flanders, and obtained an introduction to Alberto Scoto, who commanded a troop of Italian mercenaries, in the service of Philip le Bel. Under this experienced soldier, and crafty though down-fallen politician, Castruccio made great proficiency in the art of war, and was instructed in all the wiles of Italian policy, until the accession of Henry of Luxemburgh to the throne of Germany changed the face of affairs in Italy, and afforded him the prospect of being restored, with others of the Ghibeline party, to his hereditary honours and possessions in Lucca. He returned accordingly, and made his appearance at Henry's court at Milan, where he was received with flattering distinction, and in the revolt of several of the states against the emperor, which soon followed, obtained permission to raise a troop of volunteers in his service. Disgusted, however, with the character of Henry, he quitted his service, and remained for a short time in retirement, until the death of Henry opened a new scene for his exertions. He was permitted to return, with other Ghibeline exiles, to his native city, but not content to remain, as it were, by the endurance of the opposite party, he formed a treaty with Ugucione, a German leader, for the overthrow of the Guelphs in Lucca, which was accordingly effected, though at the cost of excessive calamities to the unfortunate citizens. The consequence of these occurrences was a war between Lucca and Florence, and it was this war which brought him once again to an interview with Euthanasia, whom he had not seen since he sailed for Eng-

land. Euthanasia now having lost both her parents, was Countess of Valperga, and a person of some importance in the Florentine republic. Bred up in principles diametrically opposite to those which governed the conduct of Castruccio, they had nothing in common but their love. Euthanasia did not, however, discover the change which time, spent in camps and in the society of wily politicians and narrow-minded partisans, had produced in the mind of Castruccio, and she hoped that, by an union with the object of her affection, she might give a lasting peace to Florence, and quiet the contending factions which agitated Italy. But circumstances intervened which, as they developed the character and feelings of Castruccio, shewed her the unworthiness of her love, and that the aggrandizement of his party, and not peace, was the sole object of his ambition. Impressed with a sense of duty to her native Florence, she makes a vow never to wed its enemy, and this was the character which Castruccio was more nearly approaching every day. Pursuing his designs of conquest and aggrandizement, he at length declared war against Florence, and constrained at last by the necessity which vice (for we scorn to speak more ceremoniously of the inordinate lust of power) ever imposes on those who have once entered on its career, he included the Castle of Valperga among those which must submit to his dominion. His love for Euthanasia, which had long been gradually retreating before the sweeping forces of his ambition, rested now on the solitary ground of shielding her as much as possible from personal violence and insult. Valperga was accordingly summoned and taken, its walls were rased, and its dependents made subjects of Lucca. The countess had, indeed, a palace in Lucca assigned to her, by way of compensation, but, by this overthrow, she was reduced from the situation of Castellana of Valperga and its dependencies to that of a private citizen of Florence. The crimes of Castruccio, as he advanced towards the consummation of his hopes of power in Tuscany, became at length too great for the patient endurance either of friends or enemies, and a conspiracy being formed against him by some of the principal families both in Lucca and Florence, among the latter of whom was Bardelmonti, a relation of Euthanasia, the countess was induced to join in it, by the representation made to her of the cruelties exercised by Castruccio towards his unfortunate prison-

ers, for the purpose of extorting large ransoms from their friends. Euthanasia lent her aid, however, on no other condition than that the life of Castruccio should be spared: and she even entertained the hope of passing the remainder of her life with him in his exile, and reconciling him to a life of peace and obscurity. But the fairy-dream was dissipated by the treachery of Trepalda, one of the conspirators, who betrayed the plot to Castruccio's lieutenant. The conspirators, not excepting Euthanasia, were accordingly seized, thrown into prison, and, in due course of tyranny, put out of the way of giving any farther uneasiness to the prince,—all, except Euthanasia, whose sentence of banishment to Sicily, Castruccio himself partly carried into execution, by escorting her from her prison to within sight of the ocean. She embarked; the sky was clouded, a storm arose, and, from that night, nothing was ever heard of the ship or those whom she bore; 'but the sentinels who watched near Vado, a tower on the sea-beach of the Maremma, found, on the following day, that the waves had washed on shore some of the wrecks of a vessel; they picked up a few planks and a broken mast, round which, tangled with some of its cordage, was a white silk handkerchief, such a one as had bound the tresses of Euthanasia the night that she had embarked; and in its knot were a few golden hairs.' After arriving at the fate of Euthanasia, it is of little importance to follow the history of Castruccio, and the author has wound it up in two or three pages. 'His power and glory, during the two years that he survived this event, not only arose higher than they had ever before done, but surpassed those of any former Italian prince.' He fell, however, at length, under a malignant fever, occasioned by excessive fatigue during the heat of the day and under the dews of night, while occupied in the siege of Pistora, and expired on the 3rd of September, 1328.

Such is the outline of the story, and the interest is very powerfully kept up throughout. The talents and passions of Castruccio gradually developed by succeeding events, display the author's study of the human mind, and his progress, from a frank, enterprising, generous youth, to a crafty and cruel tyrant, is unhappily too natural. Euthanasia, on the contrary, is a personification of female excellence; and, when we say this, we mean very little short of all that can be accounted good in the hu-

man character. The subordinate personages, whom we have not mentioned in our narrative, though necessary to the events of which it is composed, are conceived with genius, and drawn with skill. Beatrice, the prophetess of Ferrara, is an extraordinary picture of the effect on minds of a certain temperament, which was produced by the superstitions allied to christianity in those days of extravagance and romance. Benedetto Pepi is a villain, unredeemed by a single virtue, and tolerable only on the score of his want of power; his end is most satisfactory and retributive: but Trepalda, a miscreant of deeper dye, is, somehow or other, left undisposed of, after he appears to have filled up the measure of his crimes, and qualified himself for a memorable and overwhelming catastrophe. We will now close our criticism with a few extracts from some of the most striking parts of the work.

The following specimen of the manners of the Italians in the beginning of the fourteenth century is very remarkable:—

'A traveller had arrived at Ancona, from Florence, and had diffused the intelligence that a strange and tremendous spectacle would be exhibited there on the first of May of that year. It had been proclaimed in the streets of the city, by a herald sent by the inhabitants of the quarter of San Frediano, that all who wished to have news from the other world, should repair on the first of May, to the bridge of Carraia or to the quay of the Arno. And he added, that he believed preparations were made to exhibit hell, such as it had been described in a poem now writing by Dante Alighieri, a part of which had been read, and had given rise to the undertaking.'

Castruccio, then but fourteen years of age, resolves to witness this spectacle, and accordingly makes a journey from Ancona to Florence:—

'At length he arrived at the fair city of Florence. It was the first of May, and he hastened from his inn to the scene of action. As he approached, he observed the streets almost blocked up by the multitudes that poured to the same spot, and, not being acquainted with the town, he found that he had better follow the multitude than seek a way of his own. Driven along by the crowd, he at length came in sight of the Arno. It was covered by boats, on which scaffoldings were erected, hung with black cloth, whose accumulated drapery lent life to the flames, which the glare of day would otherwise have eclipsed. In the midst of these flames moved legions of ghastly and distorted shapes, some with horns of fire and hoofs and horrible wings, others the naked representatives of the souls in torment; mimic shrieks burst on the air, screams and demoniac laughter. The infernal drama was acted to the life, and the

terrible effect of such a scene was enhanced by the circumstance of its being no more than an actual representation of what then existed in the imagination of the spectators, endued with the vivid colours of a faith inconceivable in these lethargic days.

The following will convey an idea of the impressions which the philosopher Guinigi endeavoured to make on the mind of Castruccio; impressions which, if they were ever made, were quickly effaced by his intercourse with such characters as Alberto Scoto and Benedetto Pepi:—

‘Look at those peasants on yonder road, conducting their cattle crowned with flowers: habited in their holiday best, and moving in solemn procession; their oxen are going to be blest by St. Antonio, to ward from them the evils of the ensuing seasons. A few years ago, instead of peasants, soldiers marched along that road; their close ranks shewed their excellent discipline; their instruments filled the air with triumphant sounds, the knights pricked their steeds forward, who, arching their proud necks seemed to exult in their destination. What were they about to do? to burn a town, to murder the old and the helpless, the women and the children; to destroy the dwellings of peace; so that when they left their cruel work, the miserable wretches who survived, had nothing to shelter them but the bare black walls, where before their neat cottages had stood.

‘Castruccio listened impatiently, and cried, “yet who would not rather be a knight than one of those peasants, whose minds are as grovelling as their occupations?”

“That would not I,” resumed Guinigi, fervently, “how must the human mind be distorted, which can delight in that which is ill, in preference to the cultivation of the earth and the contemplation of its loveliness; What a strange mistake is it, that a peasant’s life is incompatible with intellectual improvement! Alas! poor wretches, they are too hard-worked now to learn much, and their toil, uncheered by the applause of their fellow-creatures, appears a degradation; yet, when I would picture happiness upon earth, my imagination conjures up the family of a dweller among the fields, whose property is secure, and whose time is passed between labour and intellectual pleasures. Such now is my fate. The evening of my life steals gently on; and I have no regrets for the past, nor wish for the future, but to continue as I am.”

Perhaps we cannot better introduce the following sentiments of Pepi, the creed of the Ghibeline faction, and of tyrants of every other description, from those times to the present, though not always so broadly expressed, or perhaps so vividly conceived, than in contrast with those of Guinigi:—

‘My friend, the world, trust me, will never go well until the rich rule and the vulgar sink to their right station, as the slaves

of the soil. You will readily allow that war is the scourge of the world; now, in free towns, war has a better harvest than where proper and legitimate authority is established. During war, neither our persons, nor our lands, nor our houses are in safety; we may be wounded in brawls, our lands laid waste, our houses and all our possessions despoiled. Now my plan is easy, simple, and practicable; if you are at all read in history, you must know that the fortunes of the nobles of ancient Rome, consisted of many hundreds of slaves, whom they brought up to various trades and arts, and then let out to work, or permitted to keep shops and make money, which the masters received, paying them a small sum for their necessary support. Such is the order which, if I were a prince, I would establish, and every town, such as Florence, where all is noise and talk, should be reduced to silence and peace; about two thousand rich men should possess all the rest of the inhabitants, who, like sheep, would flock to their folds and receive their pittance with thankfulness and humility.’

We shall conclude with Castruccio’s visit to Euthanasia in prison, on the night of her departure for the sea coast, and preceding that on which she embarked on the voyage, whose termination defies all human scrutiny:—

‘A little before midnight, Euthanasia’s prison chamber was unlocked, and the jailor entered with a lamp in his hand, accompanied by one of majestic figure, and a countenance beautiful, but sad and tarnished by the expression of pride, that animated it. “She sleeps,” whispered the jailor. His companion raised his finger in token of silence, and, taking the lamp from the man’s hand, approached her mattress, which was spread upon the floor, and kneeling down beside it, earnestly gazed upon that face he had known so well in happier days. She made an uneasy motion, as if the lamp which he held disturbed her; he placed it on the ground, and shaded it with his figure; while, by the soft light that fell upon her, he tried to read the images that were working in her mind. She appeared but slightly altered since he had first seen her. If thought had drawn some lines in her brow, the intellect which its beautiful form expressed, effaced them to the eye of the spectator, her golden hair fell over her face and neck: he gently drew it back, while she smiled in her sleep, her smile was ever past description lovely, and one might well exclaim with Dante,—

“Quel, ch’ella par quando un poco sorride
Non si può dicer ne tenere a mente
Si è nuovo miracolo e gentile *.”

He gazed on her long; her white arm lay on her black dress, and he imprinted a sad kiss upon it: she awoke, and saw Castruccio gazing upon her.

‘She started up, “what does this mean?” she cried.

‘His countenance, which had softened as he looked upon her, now resumed its severe

* ‘Vita Nuova di Dante.’

expression. “Madonna,” he replied, “I come to take you from this place.”

‘She looked on him, endeavouring to read his purpose in his eyes; but she saw there no explanation of her doubts, “and whither do you intend to lead me?”

“That you will know hereafter.”

‘She paused, and he added, with a disdainful smile, “the Countess of Valperga need not fear, while I have the power to protect her, the fate she prepared for me.”

“What fate?”

“Death!”

‘He spoke in an under tone, but with one of those modulations of voice, which, bringing to her mind scenes of other days, was best fitted to make an impression upon her. She replied almost unconsciously, “I did not prepare death for you, God is my witness!”

“Well, Madonna, we will not quarrel about words, or, like lawyers, clothe our purposes in such a subtle guise, that it might deceive all, if truth did not destroy the spider’s web. I come to lead you from prison.”

‘Castruccio is at length convinced of her sincerity, but, finds it difficult to persuade her to leave the prison without assurances, which he refuses to give, of the safety of her associates in the plot.

‘The jailor, who had hitherto stood in the shade near the door, could no longer contain himself. He knelt to Euthanasia, and earnestly and warmly intreated her to save herself, and not with wilful presumption to cast aside those means which God had brought about for her safety. “Remember,” he cried, “your misfortunes will be on the prince’s head, make him not answer for you also. Oh! lady, for his sake, for all our sakes, yield.”

‘Castruccio was much moved to see the warmth of this man. He took the hand of Euthanasia, he also knelt; “Yes, my only and dearest friend, save yourself for my sake. Yield, beloved Euthanasia, to my intreaties. Indeed, you will not die, for you will know that your life is dearer to me than my own. But yield to my request, by our former loves I intreat: by the prayers which you offer up for my salvation, I conjure you, as they shall be heard, so also hear me!”

‘The light of the solitary lamp fell full upon the countenance of Castruccio: it was softened from all severity; his eyes glistened, and a tear stole silently down his cheek, as he prayed her to yield. They talk of the tears of women; but when they flow most plentifully, they soften not the heart of man as one tear from his eyes has power on a woman. Words and looks have been feigned; they say, though I believe them not, that women have feigned tears; but those of a man, which are ever as the last demonstration of a too full heart, force belief, and communicate to her who causes them that excess of tenderness, that intense depth of passion, of which they are themselves the sure indication.

‘Euthanasia had seen Castruccio weep but once before; it was many years ago,

when he departed for the battle of Monte Catini, and he then sympathized too deeply in her sorrows, not to repay her much weeping with one most true and sacred tear. And now this scene was present before her; the gap of years remained unfilled, and she had consented to his request before she again recalled her thoughts, and saw the dreary prison chamber, the glimmering lamp, and the rough form of the jailor, who knelt beside Antelminelli. Her consent was scarcely obtained, when Castruccio leapt up, and bidding her wrap her capuchin about her, led her by the hand down the steep prison-stairs, while the jailor went before them, and unlocked and drew back the bolts of the heavy creaking doors.

We will now leave these extracts, and our preceding remarks, to make their own way with our readers, who, we are persuaded, will not rest satisfied until they have Valperga itself, the whole of Valperga, and nothing but Valperga; and we promise them no ordinary treat in its perusal. Indeed, Valperga is a work which only requires to be read, in order to be ardently admired; and we venture to prophesy that it will maintain its station upon the favourite shelf of every good library, when thousands of works of a similar description, that have had some popularity, shall have sunk into eternal oblivion.

Relics of Literature. By STEPHEN COLLETT, A. M. 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1823.

'GOOD my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley minded gentleman.' Such is the epigraph chosen by Mr. Stephen Collett; and if this volume is a fair index to his mind, it is very descriptive of his character. We are always glad to have our critical labours relieved by a work such as the '*Relics of Literature*,' the very reviewing of which, being a sort of sinecure is an agreeable relaxation. We have no occasion to con, page by page, from the 'address to the gentle reader' to 'finis,' in order to know what the work is about; and yet we have done this on some occasions, and still been puzzled. Here the title page lets us in to one half of the secret, and a brief preface lets out the other. Mr. Stephen Collett tells us, that the collection was made for his private portfolio; and we have too much manners to contradict him, if we even suspected that he often had a lurking idea to appear some day in print, particularly, as authors make the same apology: this, therefore, may be considered as a prefatory relic, though somewhat the worse for wear, like the relics of the Romish church, which would often have been worn out by de-

votions if they had not been carefully renewed by the priests.

The plan of the collection, the editor states, to have been anxiously to avoid the dry and barren technicalities of bibliography, on the one hand, and not, on the other, to make it a mere collection of elegant extracts. The work however, does contain some highly curious articles of bibliography and several elegant extracts; as well as literary anecdotes, many of which seem to us either quite new or put into a better shape. Mr. Collett appears to have been frequently in Great Russell Street, and to have drank pretty deeply of that fountain of lore the British Museum; hence we find several interesting letters exhibiting the domestic life of that facetious libertine the Earl of Rochester, with some letters from his licentious companion Buckingham. There are also a few original articles, and the whole form a curious volume of interesting and agreeable reading, from which we quote the following articles:—

'*Persian Letters.*—In the *Persian Letters*, by Lord Lyttleton, as originally published, the imaginary Persian writes to his friend at Ispahan, an account of his introduction to the House of Lords, and, after giving a general description of its appearance and character, he proceeds to state, that, in a certain part of it, there was a considerable body of personages distinct in figure from the other nobles, being peculiarly habited in robes of white and black, who (adds the Persian), "from such observations as I am qualified to make, appear to have no kind of business there." It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that this passage has been omitted in the several editions of the *Persian Letters*, which were published after the noble author's reverend brother had been elected to a seat on the episcopal bench.

'*Perils of Free Translation.*—A number of works by Dôtet were all at once condemned to the flames, at Paris, by order of parliament, 14th February, 1543. The unfortunate printer himself was afterwards sentenced to be hanged and burned, as a relapsed atheist. The principal charge made against Dôtet was founded upon his translation of Plato's Dialogues. In a passage there, the translator, instead of saying "after death, you will be nothing," says, "after death, you will be nothing at all." The Faculty of Theology determined, that the words "at all" were not authorized by the original, and that they smelt of heresy and an attachment to the sects of Sadducees and Epicureans. The true cause of poor Dôtet's fall appears to have been the hatred previously conceived against him by the Sorbonne. He is said to have discovered a design which the doctors had formed of extinguishing the art of printing in France; and with an *esprit de corps*, as excusable in printers as divines, he turned his

press into an engine of constant hostility against them.'

'*Jemmy Dawson.*—Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson has drawn tears from every person of sensibility, or possessing the feelings of humanity; and it will continue to be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2d of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:—

"A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kennington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution: she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, "My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together," fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"That excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

'In the *Whitehall Evening Post*, August 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that "upon enquiry every circumstance was literally true."

'A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on this melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.'

'JACOBITE FANATICISM.

'When Israel first provoked the living Lord, He punished them with famine, plague, and sword;

Still they sinn'd on;—he, in his wrath, did fling, No thunderbolt amongst them, but a king, A George-like king, was heaven's severest rod, The utmost vengeance of an angry God; God, in his wrath, sent Saul to punish Jewry, And George, to England, in a greater fury;

For George, in sin, as far exceeded Saul,
As ever Bishop Burnet did St. Paul

Lansdown MSS. 852.

'Selling One's Body.—The following curious letter was found among the papers of Mr. Goldwyr, a surgeon, of Salisbury.

'To Mr. Edward Goldwyr, at his House in the Close, of Salisbury:

"Sir,—Being informed that you are the only surgeon in this city (or county) that anatomises men, and I being under the unhappy circumstance, and in a very mean condition, would gladly live as long as I can; but, by all appearance, I am to be executed next March, having no friends on earth that will speak a word to save my life, nor send me a morsel of bread to keep life and soul together until that fatal day: so, if you will vouchsafe to come hither, I will gladly sell you my body, (being whole and sound), to be ordered at your discretion; knowing that it will rise again at the general resurrection, as well from your house as from the grave. Your answer, sir, will highly oblige,

Your's, &c.

JAMES BROOKE.

'Fisherton-Anger Gaol, Oct. 3, 1736.'

'The Golden Tooth.—Fontenelle says, "If the truth of a fact were always ascertained before its cause were inquired into, or its nature disputed, much ridicule might be avoided by the learned." In illustration of this remark, he relates the following whimsical anecdote:

"In 1593, a report prevailed, that a child in Silesia, seven years old, having lost its first teeth, in the new set a tooth of gold grew up in place of one of the cheek teeth. Hortius, Professor of Medicine in the University of Helmstadt, became so convinced of the truth of this story, that he wrote a history of this truth, in which he affirmed, that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by Heaven to that child to console the poor Christians oppressed by the Turks. It is not, however, very easy to conceive what consolation the Christians could draw from this truth, nor what relation it could bear to the Turks.

"Hortius, however, was but one historian of the tooth; for, in the same year that this work appeared, Rullandus wrote another history of it. Two years afterwards, Ingosterus, another learned man, wrote in opposition to Rullandus respecting the golden tooth, who failed not to make a very elaborate and scientific reply. Another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said on the tooth, and added his own peculiar doctrine.

"Nothing was wanting to so many fine works, but a proof that the tooth was really of gold; a goldsmith at length was called to examine it, who discovered that it was only a bit of leaf gold applied to the tooth with considerable address. Their books were first composed on an assumed fact, and then the goldsmith consulted."

'Manuscripta Atheistica.—At the diet of Grodno, in 1688, the Bishop of Potsdam, accused Cassimir Liszinski, a Polish gentleman, of atheism; and an order was given to search his house for proofs in support of

the accusation. Some manuscripts were found, in which, among other extraordinary propositions, was the following:—"God is not the creator of man, but man is the creator of a God whom he has made out of nothing." Liszinski endeavoured to excuse himself by saying, that he had set these things down only for the purpose of refuting them. This pretext, however, could not save him; he was condemned to death as an atheist, and on the 30th of March, 1689, was burnt alive; and his ashes, being put into a cannon, were dispersed in the air.

'Misjudgments.—Henderson the Comedian.—When Henderson, the celebrated comedian, first made application to Garrick, and gave him "a specimen of his quality," the Roscius assured him, that he could not possibly convey articulate sounds to the audience of any theatre. Foote said nearly the same thing. Colman at length took Henderson by the hand; and such was the success of the man, who could not possibly convey an articulated sound, that during the first thirty-four nights of his performance at the Haymarket, the receipts were computed at no less a sum than 4500l.!

'Burns.—"Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of Douglas," says an evening paper of 6th Nov. 1789, "was lately asked his opinion of the poems of Robert Burns. His answer was, 'The encouragement that fellow has met with is a perfect disgrace to the nation.' This anecdote is genuine, and the majority is satisfied the remark is just. His reputation is vastly faded!"

'Historiographer O'Flaherty.—Of all the historians that Great Britain, or even the world has produced, there is not one so minute, or so deeply versed in genealogy, as the Irish historian, O'Flaherty, the author of "Ogygia." He knows for certain, that just forty days before the Deluge, and on the 15th of the month, which happened that year to be on a Saturday, three men, with fifty women, arrived in Ireland, for the very purpose of peopling the country, but the flood disappointed them. He further states, but on what authority is not known, unless, indeed, he had access to the archives, that 312 years after the Deluge, on the 14th of the month, which was Tuesday, a man and his wife, of the name of Partholon, with three sons and their wives, arrived to found a new colony.

The same acute and correct historian has drawn up a genealogy of Charles II., in which are not fewer than seventy royal generations; and then forty-eight generations more, traces the family, most clearly, up to Adam; these forty-eight generations were all patriarchs and leaders of colonies; so that Seneca must certainly be wrong, when he says that there is no king among whose ancestors some slaves are not to be found.

A Spanish bishop of Fandeval, has compiled a pedigree of the house of Austria, which comprises 118 generations, from Adam to Philip III.; and another Spanish writer, Poyeafiel Contreras, a pedigree of the house of Lorraine, of 131 generations; but both are outdone by Mr. O'Flaherty, for neither has ventured to bring down from

Adam a line composed entirely of kings and princes.

'Crooked Coincidences.—A pamphlet, published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—*The Deformity of Sin cured; a Sermon preached at St. Michael's Crooked Lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks.* Sold by Matthew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripplegate, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are,—*"Every crooked path shall be made straight;"* and the prince before whom it was preached, was deformed in his person.

From a highly amusing and interesting article, entitled, 'Specimens of a Diary,' we make the following extracts:

'1772, January 3.—Mr. Creighton told a curious anecdote the other day, at the East India House, when inveighing against the mal-practices of stock-jobbing. During the infatuation that prevailed among all ranks of people respecting the South Sea scheme, in 1720, a nobleman called one morning at a banker's, in Lombard Street, and pulling out a bank bill of 1000l., told him that it was at his service, if he would answer him, in one word, one question, assuring him, at the same time, that the question would not affect his honour. The banker agreeing to the proposal, the nobleman then asked him, "Did Sir John Blount buy or sell to-day?" "Bought," answered the other. "Then, there," said the peer, "is your 1000l., and buy for me 20,000l. between this and night."

'January 8.—The great bell at St. Paul's tolled this morning, for the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales*. In her last interview with the king, she wrung his hand very hard, and, in words to this effect, took her leave of him, "My dear son, you are the king of a great people; be, if possible, the king of a happy one; study the real welfare of your subjects, not the wishes of the factions; and may you gain a brighter crown in heaven than that which I leave you on earth."

'January 22.—Died, in Emanuel Hospital, Mrs. Wyndymore, cousin of Mary, queen of William III., as well as of Queen Anne. Strange revolution of fortune! that the cousin of two queens should, for fifty years, be supported by charity!

'January 31.—Died, Henry Cromwell, Esq., great grandson of Oliver Cromwell, of illustrious memory.

'February.—Died at Madruz, in Croatia, in the 118th year of his age, Henry Magdonel. To that place he had retired, with a property sufficient to support him decently. He had been in the service of different sovereigns. He was father to the brave officer of that name, who, in 1702, in the war about the Spanish succession, made prisoner, at Cremona, the Marshal de Villeroy, who offered him on the spot 10,000 louis-d'ors and a regiment, if he would release him. Young Magdonel was then but a captain; but the offer, though made by a per-

* 'Mother of George III.'

son who was sufficiently able to keep his word, and which would have tempted many, did not in the least stagger that honest and faithful officer, who refused it.

'April 28.—Died, at Mile End, the goat which had been twice round the world; first in the Dolphin, Capt Wallis, then in the Endeavour, Capt. Cook. She was shortly to have been removed to Greenwich Hospital, to have spent the remainder of her days under the protection of those worthy veterans, who there enjoy an honourable retirement. She wore on her neck a splendid collar, on which was engraved the following distich, said to have been written by the ingenious and learned Dr. Samuel Johnson:

"Perpetui ambita bis terra premia lactis
Hac habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis."

'May 19.—Dreadful fire at Amsterdam. The great theatre of this city has been burnt to the ground, and thirty-one persons have perished in the conflagration. The fate of Mr. Jacob de Neufville Van Lennep and his lady is particularly deplored. In the rush which every one made to escape from the flames, Mr. Lennep lost hold of his wife, and was carried forward, in spite of himself, out of the reach of danger. So great, however, was his affection for his wife, that he was heard to declare, that unless she too were rescued, he must perish with her. Accordingly, he forced his way back into the house, offering, aloud, fifty thousand crowns to any one who would assist in saving her; but vain were all his efforts. Next morning, the wife and husband were dug from the ruins, locked in each other's arms!

'1774, April 4.—Died, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. *Deserted is the Village; the Traveller hath laid him down to rest; the Good Natured Man is no more; he Stoops but to Conquer; the Vicar hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson, from which the Hermit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Roman fortitude.*

'May.—Died, at Hagley, in Worcester-shire, my old acquaintance, John Tice. He had reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty-five. His life was one of ease and comfort. The greatest misfortune (as he lately declared) which had ever befallen him, was the death of his *only friend*, Lord Lyttleton. He took that loss so much to heart, that he never left his room after, until his death.

This work, which is got up with great elegance and good taste, contains a large engraved sheet of upwards of forty autographs including those of all the sovereigns of England, from Henry VIII. to his present Majesty inclusive, with those of the most distinguished men of letters, warriors, statesmen, &c. of the last three centuries. Among these we find the autographs of Shakspeare, Massinger, Dryden, Addison, Newton, Locke, Marlborough, Walpole, Bolingbroke, Rochester, Fox, Pitt, Gibbon, Junius, &c. &c.

Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre. By MADAME CAMPAN.

(Continued from p. 100.)

MARIE ANTONIETTE, not having for some time any child of her own, took a little boy about five years old, who in one of her drives got carelessly entangled under the feet of her horses. This boy, whose name was James Armand, breakfasted and dined with the queen, and frequently with the king also. In 1792, he had nearly attained his twentieth year, and fearing to be thought a favourite creature of the queen's, he became the most sanguinary terrorist of Versailles. He was killed at the battle of Jemmapes.

It is well known that Louis XVI. was fond of lock-making, and that Ganim, who taught him the art, obtained a pension of 1200 livres, by charging the king with an attempt to poison him. So mean an amusement was not pleasing to the queen, who little dreamed that the principal amusement of one of her own family, and the only thing in which he would show the least skill would be the baking of bread.* Madame Campan gives a highly flattering picture of the virtues and humanity of the present Louis XVIII. and Count Artois, which we are sorry to say, no part of their lives has justified. Marquess de Vaudreuil was a conspicuous member of the drawing room of Madame de Polignac, at that time a favourite at court. Of this noble, a singular anecdote is related in two different versions, but both so good that we shall insert them. We must premise that the M. de Vaudreuil was a very good singer.

'The first time he visited Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg, that lady said to him, after supper, "I am told, sir, that you sing very well. I should be delighted to hear you. But if you do oblige me so far, pray do not sing any fine piece—no cantata—but some street-ballad—just a mere street song. I like a natural style—something lively—something cheerful." M. de Vaudreuil begged leave to sing a street-ballad then much in vogue. He did not know that Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg was, before her widowhood, Countess de Boufflers. He sang out with a full and sonorous voice the first line of the couplet, beginning, "When Boufflers was first seen at court." The company immediately began coughing, spitting, and sneezing. M. de Vaudreuil went on. "Venus' self shone

* We allude to the present Emperor of Germany, who, when a young man, rose early every morning to bake rolls for his breakfast; a more innocent amusement, certainly, than that of massacring Piedmontese and Neapolitans, which has been one of his later employments.—REV.

less beauteous than she did."—The noise and confusion increased. But after the third line, "To please her all eagerly sought,"—M. de Vaudreuil perceiving that all eyes were fixed upon him, paused. "Pray go on, sir," said Madame la Marechale, singing the last line herself: "And too well in his turn each succeeded." M. de Besenval's remarks respecting Madame de Luxembourg render the anecdote plausible. But perhaps, in such a delicate dilemma, she may be considered as having given a proof of presence of mind, rather than of impudence.

'The Marquis de Gouffier, who was present on this occasion, tells the story in a very different way. According to his version, the conversation turned on old Time's ravages on beauty, when M. de Vaudreuil said, turning towards Madame de Luxembourg, "As to you, madame, he has spared you—we still see that beauty which turned all the heads at court, and has been celebrated by our best poets." "Yes," said the old lady gaily, "I remember when I first came out, there were a few songs written in my praise—there was this, for instance—" and she began singing,—

"When Boufflers was first seen at court,
Venus' self shone less beauteous than she did.
To please her all eagerly sought,"—

Here she stopped, and did not give the last line,—

"And too well in his turn each succeeded."

"Go on, Madame la Marechale," said de Vaudreuil. "Ah!" said she, smiling, "all that was so long ago, that I remember no more of it."

The queen was fond of music and brought Gluck to Paris, of whom we have the following anecdote:—

'Gluck often had to deal with self-sufficiency, at least equal to his own. He was very reluctant to introduce long ballets into Iphigenia. Vestris deeply regretted that the opera was not terminated by a *chaconne*, in which that god of dance might display all his power. He complained to Gluck about it. Gluck, who treated his art just as it deserves, would make no other reply, than that, in so interesting a subject, capering and dancing would be misplaced. Being pressed another time by Vestris, on the same subject, "A *chaconne!* a *chaconne!*" roared out the enraged musician, "we must describe the Greeks; and had the Geceks *chaconnes?*"—"What, had they not?" returned the astonished dancer; "faith then, so much the worse for them!"

The most magnificent and complimentary fête ever given to the queen, was one prepared for her by Monsieur, (the present Louis XVIII.) at Brunoy, at which Madame Campan attended her majesty.

'In roving about the gardens, she found, in the first copse, knights in full armour, asleep beneath the shade of trees, whence hung their spears and shields. The absence of the beauties who had incited the nephews of Charlemagne to lofty deeds, is supposed to occasion this lethargic slumber. But the

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queen appears at the entrance of the copse—they are on foot in an instant—melodious voices sing the cause of their disenchantment, and their eagerness to signalize their skill and valour. They then hastened into a vast arena, magnificently decorated in the exact style of the ancient tournaments.

‘Fifty dancers, dressed as pages, presented to the knights twenty-five superb black horses, and twenty-five of a dazzling whiteness, all most richly caparisoned. The party, led by Augustus Vestris, wore the queen’s colours. Picq, ballet-master at the Russian court, commanded the opposing band. There was running at the black helmet, tilting, and, lastly, desperate single combat, perfectly well imitated. Although the spectators were aware that the queen’s colours could not but be victorious, they did not the less enjoy the various and prolonged sensations occasioned by the apparent uncertainty of the triumph.

‘Nearly all the agreeable women of Paris, who are always ready to enjoy spectacles of this description, were arranged upon the steps which surrounded the area of the tourney: this assemblage completed the illusion. The queen, surrounded by the royal family and the whole court, was placed beneath an elevated canopy. A play, followed by a ballet-pantomime and a ball, terminated the fête. Fire-works and illuminations were not spared. Finally, from a prodigiously high scaffold, placed on a rising ground, shouts of *Vive Louis!*—*Vive Marie Antoinette!* were sent forth in the air, in the midst of a very dark, but calm night.

So much has been written respecting the Chevalier d’Eon, that it is thought the world knows all it can of him; the following reason for his adopting a female costume on his return to Paris is, however, curious:—

‘It is known that while the Chevalier d’Eon was minister plenipotentiary in London, he outrageously attacked the honour of the Count de Guerchy: and the court of France, not permitting him to make his appearance again in his own country, in any other dress than that of a woman, in some measure repaired his insulting conduct towards a family of consideration.

‘The Chevalier d’Eon had been useful in Russia to the private espionage of Louis XV. While still very young, he had found means to introduce himself at the court of the Empress Elizabeth, and had served that sovereign in the capacity of reader. Resuming afterwards his military dress, he served with honour, and was wounded. Appointed chief-secretary of legation, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary at London, he offended Count de Guerchy the ambassador, by the most unpardonable insults. They were of such a nature, that the official order for the chevalier’s return to France was actually delivered to the king’s council; but Louis XV. delayed the departure of the courier who was to be the bearer of it, and sent off another courier privately, who gave the Chevalier d’Eon a letter in his own writing, in which he said, “I know that you

have served me as effectually in the dress of a woman, as in that which you now wear. Resume it instantly; withdraw into the city; I warn you that the king yesterday signed an order for your return to France; you are not safe in your hotel, and you would here find two powerful enemies.” I heard the Chevalier d’Eon repeat the contents of this letter, in which Louis XV. thus separated his personal existence from that of the King of France, several times at my father’s. The Chevalier, or rather the *Chevaliere* d’Eon had preserved all the king’s letters. Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes wished to get these letters out of his hands, as they were afraid he would print them. This eccentric being had long solicited his return to France; but it was necessary to find a way of sparing the family he had offended the kind of insult they would see in his return: he was, therefore, made to resume the costume of that sex, in which in France every thing is pardoned. The desire to see his native land once more, undoubtedly, determined him to submit to the condition, but he balanced it by contrasting the long train of his gown and his three deep ruffles, with the attitude and conversation of a grenadier, which, however, made him very disagreeable company.

One of the libellers of the queen was a very lively satirical song writer, a M. Champcenetz de Reguebourg, who, when brought before the revolutionary tribunal, (not for libelling the queen, certainly) did not lose his cheerfulness; after hearing his own sentence of condemnation read, he asked his judges if he might be allowed to find a substitute. The queen gave birth to the present Duchess d’Angouleme, on the 19th of Dec. 1778.

‘The etiquette of allowing all persons indiscriminately to enter at the moment of the delivery of a queen, was observed so literally, that at the instant when the accoucheur, Vermond, said aloud, *Larcine va s’accoucher*, the torrents of inquisitive persons who poured into the chamber were so great and tumultuous, that the rush was near destroying the queen. During the night the king had taken the precaution to have the enormous tapestry screens, which surrounded her majesty’s bed, secured with cords: had it not been for this foresight, they certainly would have been thrown down upon her. It was impossible to move about the chamber, which was filled with so motley a crowd that any one might have fancied himself in some place of public amusement. Two Savoyards got upon the furniture to get a better sight of the queen, who was placed opposite the fire-place, upon a bed prepared for the moment of delivery. The noise, and the sex of the infant, which the queen was made acquainted with by a signal previously agreed on, as it is said, with the Princess de Lamballe, or some error of the accoucheur, brought on symptoms which threatened the most fatal consequences; the accoucheur exclaimed: “Give her air—warm water—she must be bled in the foot!” The win-

dows were caulked up; the king opened them with a strength which his affection for the queen gave him at the moment. They were of great height, and pasted over with strips of paper all round. The bason of hot water not being brought quickly enough, the accoucheur desired the chief surgeon to use his lancet without waiting for it. He did so; the blood streamed out freely, and the queen opened her eyes. The joy which now succeeded to the most dreadful apprehensions, could hardly be contained. The Princess de Lamballe was carried through the crowd in a state of insensibility. The valets-de-chambre and pages dragged such inconsiderate persons as would not leave the room, out by the collar. This cruel etiquette was abolished ever afterwards. The princes of the family, the princes of the blood, the chancellor, and the ministers are surely sufficient to attest the legitimacy of an hereditary prince. The queen was snatched from the very jaws of death; she was not conscious of having been bled, and on being replaced in bed, asked why she had a linen bandage upon her foot.

‘The queen’s propitious delivery was celebrated throughout France. The birth of madame inspired more than one poet. The following madrigal, by Imbert, was much esteemed:—

“A dauphin we asked of our queen;
A princess announces him near:
Since one of the graces is seen,
Young Cupid will quickly appear.”

Among the amusements that took place when the queen was churched, all the theatres were gratuitously opened.

‘The French comedians performed *Zaira*, and the little piece called *Le Florentin*. In spite of all the precautions taken to preserve the king’s box for the charcoal venders, who were accustomed to occupy it on similar occasions, as the *poissardes* or market-women did that of the queen, their places were occupied when they arrived. They were informed of this, and thought it very strange. These two chief classes of the lower orders were seen disputing upon etiquette, with almost as much pertinacity as noblemen or sovereign courts. They demanded to know why the boxes, appropriated to them by custom, had been suffered to be occupied. It was necessary to call the officer for the week, and the histrionic senate being assembled in consultation, the registers were inspected, and the legitimacy of the claim was acknowledged. An offer was then made to the charcoal venders to go upon the stage, and they all sat there on the king’s side, upon benches prepared for them. The *poissardes* followed and placed themselves on the opposite side. Such grave questions of precedence well deserve to be particularised in memoirs of the times. Since the revolution, neither the charcoal venders nor the *poissardes* are distinguished in the gratis performances; all ranks are confounded together. It appears to us only just that every one should know his rights and keep his place.

On the birth of the Dauphin, on the

22d of Oct. 1781, still greater rejoicings took place.

The artificers and tradesmen of Paris spent considerable sums, in order to go to Versailles in a body, with their various insignia. Their new and elegant dresses formed a most agreeable sight. Almost every troop had music with it. When they arrived at the court of the palace, they there ranged themselves ingeniously, and presented a most interesting moving picture. Chimney-sweepers, quite as well dressed as those that appear upon the stage, carried an ornamented chimney, at the top of which was perched one of the smallest of their fraternity. The chairmen carried a sedan highly gilt, in which were to be seen a handsome nurse and a little dauphin. The butchers made their appearance, graced with good fat beef. Cooks, masons, blacksmiths, all trades were on the alert. The smiths hammered away upon an anvil, the shoemakers finished off a little pair of boots for the dauphin, and the tailors, a little suit of the uniform of his regiment. The king remained a long time upon a balcony to enjoy the sight. The whole court was delighted with it. So general was the enthusiasm, that (the police not having carefully examined the procession), the grave-diggers had the impudence to send their deputation also, with the emblematical devices of their ill-omened occupation. They were met by the Princess Sophie, the king's aunt, who was thrilled with horror at the sight, and entreated the king to have the audacious fellows driven out of the procession, which was then drawing up on the terrace.

The market-women came to congratulate the queen, and were received with the ceremonies due to that body of dealers. They appeared to the number of fifty, dressed in black silk gowns, the old established fall dress of their order; and they almost all wore diamonds. The Princess de Chimay went to the door of the queen's bedroom to receive three of these ladies, who were led up to the queen's bed. One of them addressed her majesty in a speech written by M. de la Harpe. It was set down on the inside of a fan, to which the speaker repeatedly referred, but without any embarrassment. She was handsome, and had a remarkably fine voice. The queen was affected by the address, and answered it with great affability: making a distinction between these women and the *poissardes*, who always left a disagreeable impression on her mind. The king ordered a substantial repast for all these women. One of his majesty's *maitres-d'hôtel*, wearing his hat, sat as president, and did the honours of the table. The public were admitted, and numbers of people had the curiosity to go.

We shall conclude with a short, but interesting anecdote of Louis XVI., and a smart epigram, by Le Brun.

Louis XVI., touched with the wretched condition of the poor of Versailles during the winter of 1776, had several cart-loads of wood distributed among them. Seeing

one day, a file of those vehicles passing by, while several noblemen were preparing to be drawn swiftly over the ice, he said these memorable words to them: "*Gentlemen, here are my sledges!*"

Le Brun deposited all his savings with the Prince de Guéméné, whose bankruptcy ruined him. He revenged himself by the following epigrammatic lines; in which may be seen the bitterness of a satirical poet, and the resentment of a creditor:—

"A prince, full of titles—a sharper serene—
Eased our purses of millions a few;
See what troops of old men!—what despair in
their mien!"

How humbly for justice they sue!
A kind rogue of a clerk (for, like master like man,) Thus seeks to console them as well as he can:
Take courage, old gentlemen, dry up your tears,
For princes of honour and conscience are made,
If you will but have patience some odd fifty years,
Without loss or deduction you all will be paid."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Encyclopædia of Antiquities and Elements of Archaeology. By the Rev. T. D. FOSBROKE, M. A. F. A. S. Part II.

OF the general nature of this truly original and valuable work, we have already expressed our opinion in our review of the first part. The second, which has just appeared, fully justifies all that we said in its praise; it displays the same diligent research, acute remarks, and philosophic view of the subject, while it brings down the ancient architecture in a chronological and scientific order of arrangement. The first part left off with an account of the public edifices of the Greeks and Romans, which is continued in these parts, describing their aqueducts, sewers, town walls, gates, acropolises, basilicæ, triumphal arches, private edifices, subterranean houses, public houses, tombs, wells, &c. From these various subjects, all of which are described with great ability, we have only room for a short extract, beginning as a good citizen ought to do, with the—

Shops.—The shops at Pompeii have signs fixed in the wall, and stone-counters; the other parts being open, like those of brokers, butchers, and poulterers. The shops at Rome, as well as the taverns, were distinguished by pillars, projecting into the streets; and on the bookseller's columns were inscribed the titles of the works which they had to sell; the books being kept in *nidi*, the best in the upper, the worst in the lower. Plutarch mentions the show-board over the gate, and Petronius calls it the *venalitium*, upon which were written the names of the goods to be sold. Particular trades lived in distinct streets. Shutting the shops, as now upon Sundays, was the Roman *justitium* in times of mourning. Plu-

tarch notes, that tradesmen attended their shops, while other persons walked abroad. Bankers and others had shops and bronze stands in the forum. Martial adds, that the streets of Rome and fronts of houses were choked up with sheds and stalls, which Domitian removed. The rich used to keep artizans for the purpose of making various goods. Thus Antony branded Augustus, on account of his father having been a rope-maker; and the tradesmen, about the house of Paratus, called *Pansas*, were probably slaves, who sold goods of their master's manufacture.

Shops at Pompeii are frequent; some of them being under an arcade; there being above a terrace with others, and part of a house. In the shop represented in the engraving, p. 49, the counter was of the form of the letter L. In this were sunk and fixed large jars to hold the materials sold. In front of the counter the shutters were slipped in a groove, and the door, when closed, met the edge of the last, and being fastened, kept all secure. The door turned on pivots, and of course opened to the left. Other shops appear by the remains of their staircases, seen on the sides, to have had apartments above. In them are dwarf walls, against which were ranged oil jars and other goods. The shops have stone seats before them, and over the doors emblems of their trade in relieve, but the phallus upon one of them is no proof of a brothel. No attention was paid to uniformity in building, some houses advancing, others receding.

The first house on the right hand was thought to have been an inn. Chequers are exhibited on the sides of the door-way, and rings for tying horses were excavated. The bones of horses were also found in the stables, and in the cellar large earthen vessels for wine. Another shop had marks of cups remaining on the marble counter. The first was an inn, the second an oinopolium or thermopolium, answering to our coffee-house.

Public-Houses.—Nothing is a stronger proof of the size and populousness of Herculaneum, than its nine hundred public-houses. These houses, as appears by the Herculanean placard*, contained not only baths, but *pergulae*—galleries at the top of the house, or balconies, but more commonly green arbours, most probably the

* It was placed upon the wall of a house, from whence it was removed to Portici; and is properly a bill for letting the baths and public-houses. As it is unique in its kind, it shall be here given. "In prædis Juliae Sp. Felicis—Locantur—Balneum Venerium et Nongentum—Tabernæ—Pergulae—Coenacula ex Idibus Aug. Primis in Idus—Aug. Sextas—Annos continuos Quinque—S. Q. D. L. E. N. C.—A. Suetium verum aed." As Winckelman reads the sigles, S. Q. D., &c. by *Si Quis Dominam Loci Ejus non cognoverit Adeat Suetium Verum Edilem*, I think that he is mistaken. Otto (*de Edilibus*, c. viii. §. 5. p. 219.), speaking of baths, &c. says, that when baths were let by private persons, the *Ediles*, "*locationis conditiones publicis tabulis proponebant*," i. e. proposed the terms of the lease in public inscrip-

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sense here,—and *canacula*, dining rooms in the upper story of the house. A kind of counter appears at Pompeii, because the Romans did not recline, but sat when they refreshed themselves at these places. Flag-gons were chained to posts. Juvenal adds, that the vessels were common. The land-lady wore a *succinct* (tucked up) dress, and brought the wine in vases for the visitors to taste. The landlord had also a particular costume. Vendors of unguents and perfumes (whence the *Uncta Popina* of Horace) also attended, and addressed the guest with *Dominus* and *Rex*, if he hoped for custom. In the inns on the roads there were both hot and cold meats; but Plutarch mentions a Spartan who brought his own meat, and gave it to the host to dress. Tiberius prohibited their selling any baker's goods. Nero permitted only boiled vegetables, though every kind of delicacy was common before. Juvenal describes the company as usually consisting of thieves, sailors, artificers, drunken Galli, &c. and these places then, as now, were considered as permitting freer behaviour than elsewhere. It was deemed mean to buy wine from a tavern. The bill is the *Locarium* of Varro, and the sign of the chequer is an abacus or chess-board, made oblong, because that was the Roman fashion. It showed that the play was there used.

Ἐσθλοὶ or Ἀλλοτρίοι were places accommodated with all requisites for travellers of every description. (In Herodotus they are national or public fabrics, the modern caravansaries, without any other accommodations than rooms.) Here the soldiers refreshed, and changed horses, carriages, &c.; but though the *stathmoi* became at last considerable, they were at first only *diversoria* or inns, on which there was the sign of the *Ansa*, the handle or ear of a pitcher, and by this name the station itself was afterwards so called. By these *stathmoi* the ancients regulated the stages of their journeys.

The *Oinopolium* or *Thermopolium* was the shop of a vendor of warm and sweet drinks. The ascent to the upper story was by fifteen steps. Saccharine matter was kept candied for solution in warm water. Stewed meat was also sold. Plautus, in his *Pseudolus*, mentions the articles here supplied, viz. *murrhinam* (a liquor flavoured with myrrh), *passum* (a sort of raisin wine), *defrutum* (mulled wine), *melinam* and *mel quojusmodi*. Among the interesting discoveries at Herculaneum were silver cups and saucers, like those now used for tea. They were very delicately worked and well sculpted in relief. They were destined to wine and water and sweet liquors; and there were among the Romans particular houses, where persons went to eat and drink, as now to a coffee-house.

Wells.—The contour of ancient wells was one entire stone, hollowed in the same form as round altars. This appears by many of marble, found at Herculaneum, and even upon a bas-relief of the Giustiniani Gallery. The Greeks, but not the Romans, ornamented the brims of their wells with sculpture; Soufflot says, that this form was general in all wells, and the sculpture very fine. These brims were but one foot eight inches high; in consequence, the diameter of their mouths was only nine inches. Pullies were not used to draw the water; the wells were not deep, and the friction of cords appears upon the brim. Thus the Encyclopedists. Danaus is said to have first brought wells from Egypt into Greece. There are found wells bored through rocks of immense depths, some so shallow as to require only a bucket with a rope of twisted herbs. The mouth was sometimes protected by a massive marble cylinder, or two pieces cramped together. Sometimes the water was raised by a huge lever, great stones being a counterpoise to the other end. The Kentish fashion of the Antlia, tread or crane-wheel, moved by men or asses, among the Goths, by bears, walking inside, is ancient, as well as cocks to fountains, leaden and leathern pipes.

The wells of Greece had, however, very interesting accompaniments. The old fountains of Syros (says Dr. Clarke), at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the early ages, exists in its original state, and is the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love or gallantry, or of gossiping or tale-telling. The young women, as on the ancient marbles, come singing from them with vases on their heads, and are met by their lovers, who ease them of their burdens and join them in the chorus. They also dance round the wells, the ancient *Callichorus*, accompanied with songs in honour of Ceres. This may explain the discovery of so many reliques of fine pottery in Greek wells.

Some of the wells have an arch over them, and were descended by steps, from which fashion originated the conduit. The architecture of the Britons, Anglo-Saxons, Normans, and English follows, and as this is a subject which comes nearer home to us, we shall have occasion to treat of it at a future period at a greater length.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World, &c. By J. ARAGO. (Concluded from p. 106.)

WE now come to the second division of Mr. Arago's work, not that there is any natural division of the subject, but that he has chosen to separate it into two parts. He commences with an account of the Marianne islands, the inhabitants of which, he says, are quite ignorant of medicine, although 'the two principal physicians of the colony are the governor and the priest; and both of them employ specifics, which are efficacious and universal.' We wonder what fur-

ther knowledge of medicine is required than being able to apply an efficacious specific. But M. Arago's reasoning is not always very cogent, in the very next sentence he tells us, that 'the plant termed *acapuleo herb*, which is a radical cure for the leprosy, is common here; and that may be the reason why so many people are found afflicted with this cruel disease!' But, passing over these inconsistencies, we are told that—

'Music is one of the most agreeable amusements of the inhabitants of the Mariannes; they sing the moment they awake, they sing during the hours of rest, and they fall asleep singing. Their airs are languishing, harmonious, and for three voices; there are also two or three *boleros* and some *seguidillas*; but, in general, they prefer that which lulls and composes, to that which animates and enlivens; and their singing may be considered in some measure an emblem of their life. Almost every body has some taste, and plays tolerably well; but their voice is nasal, and accords better with their native airs than with those of Spain, which are more varied. The national couplets are always composed in honour of some saint of Paradise, or to celebrate some great event, such as the arrival of a ship. Our coming awoke the slumbering muse of the poet of the place; and we often heard songs, the burthen of which related to our voyage, and to some persons of the expedition; and which, if they did not indicate talents, were at least an evidence of a turn for satire.

'Dancing is only customary among children. At the sound of a *mandoline*, or of a song, a little boy and girl (their arms behind them, their heads held up, having an important air), follow each other with great rapidity, and with gestures similar to those of our boatmen. Their bodies are agitated; they measure each other with their eyes: the young girl seems as if she endeavoured to save herself from the pursuit of the youth; she runs round a hat placed on the ground, and her lover runs after her; this barrier is respected, and it must not be passed: but when he has caught the fugitive coquette, it rarely happens that she does not consent to give him a kiss, or allow one to be taken: if it does happen, a more fortunate wag instantly takes his place, and lassitude frequently grants that which had been refused to an obstinate pursuit, to tender and assiduous attentions. Observe the resemblance to the *Chega* of the Isle of France. These petty exhibitions, which are very pretty, take place almost every evening, in the front of every house; we, all of us, took great pleasure in stopping to look at them, and I believe that the vanity of the actors was flattered by our curiosity and our applause, as well as by the accompaniment of some trifling present.'

In the account of Owhyhee, we find a neat compliment to our immortal countryman, Cook. M. Arago says:—

'The name of this island recalls to the afflicted memory a terrible catastrophe, which

deprived Europe and the world of the most enterprising genius who, since the days of Columbus, had rendered himself illustrious by the boldest researches and the most glorious discoveries.

'Cook perished at Owhyhee, the victim of his courage, and perhaps of his imprudence. As soon as the danger became urgent, his enraged companions, consulting only their love for a chief who had so often guided them securely in the midst of perils, and more than once saved them from shipwreck, gave themselves up to all the ardour which could possibly animate them; and in the midst of the carnage, which their deadly weapons made among the intrepid natives, they saw their captain fall, at the very moment when, by his gestures, he exhorted them to moderate their resentment. His mutilated corpse was committed to the ocean he had conquered, and no lasting monument points out to the navigator the exact spot where he perished. The narrative of his brave successor has consecrated the point between Kayakakooa and Karakakooa; but the eye looks in vain for the cenotaph which should immortalize the memory of this deplorable event.

'The navigator cannot possibly separate the name of Cook from that of Owhyhee; as the name of Leonidas recalls Thermopylae; as the field of Pharsalia reminds us of Caesar. In this savage country, the tomb of Cook is sought for, like that of Achilles in classic Greece; with this difference, that the former was illustrated by recent and extraordinary events, while the latter is indebted for his glory to the verses of a poet even greater than himself.'

M. Arago was introduced to Tammeamada, the King of Owhyhee, and he gives a singular account of the royal palace, as well as of his reception:—

'A miserable hut, built of straw, from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and from twelve to fifteen feet broad, the entrance to which is by a low and narrow door; some mats, on which several half-naked giants are reposing, and who bear the titles of ministers and generals; two chairs, on which are seated, on days of ceremony, a large, fat, dirty, heavy, proud man, and a stout half-naked woman, who allows herself to coquet with every stranger, without betraying her fidelity to her large-jowled husband, who is eat up with I know not how many horrible diseases; walls made of cocoa-tree leaves, well sewed together; the roof made of seaweed, much neglected, and presenting but a feeble defence against the wind and rain;—such is the palace of the monarch of the Sandwich Isles; and such are the King and Queen of Owhyhee, and such is their dignified court!

'An immense number of soldiers, armed with muskets, walking rapidly backwards and forwards in front of this noble dwelling, to the sound of a bell, which one of them rings at intervals; some guns pointed towards the sea, and a flag hoisted on the top of a long pole, indicate the residence of a king. From the interior of such a hut,

however, the genius of Tammeamah issued, in his rage, those terrible decrees which made his enemies tremble; and by the aid of those very men whom we now see, he ventured to undertake such boundless projects, and reduced so many tribes to subjection.'

Introduced to the palace, M. Arago and his party remained some time in the apartment of the princesses:—

'The queen dowager, the favourite of Tammeamah, was stretched out on some very fine mats, and wrapped up in a beautiful piece of cloth of *lavalliere* colour. She is prodigiously fat, but her face is interesting: her eyes were heavy from a slight indisposition, her manner very engaging, and, after longer observation, I am not surprised at the strong attachment that Tammeamah had for her. Her legs, the palm of her left hand, and her tongue, are very elegantly tattooed; and her body bears the marks of a great number of burns and incisions she inflicted on herself at the death of her husband. She offered us some beer with much kindness, drank to us, striking her glass against ours; and on her proposing it, we drank the health of Tammeamah. A young man, very well made, and remarkably clean, waved before her an elegant fan made of birds' feathers; and a young woman brought to her at intervals, a small vase made of the calabash, as a spitting-dish; it was half filled with flowers, and covered with a handkerchief tied about it. This vase was also offered to the other princesses; but it was evident that all the care, and the greater part of the attentions were devoted to the favourite, whose name was Tammeamaroo.

'There were five of these queens; and she of whom I speak, who weighed at least thirty stone, was the smallest. The others were rather shapeless masses of flesh than human figures. Two of them bore a great resemblance to the hippopotamus, which is said to trail his steps with so much difficulty on the shore. All of them were lying on their faces, and I have not seen a female here while lying singly on her mats, in the opposite position.

'Their room was small, and crowded with calabashes, mats, little boxes from China, and with pieces of English and country cloths, all lying about in every corner. The entrance was obstructed by a great crowd round the door, and there was a guard placed close by, to watch over the safety of the princesses. On inquiring what kind of amusements they had, and how they passed their time, we were informed that they were occupied in keeping death at a distance; which must be admitted to be rather difficult, considering the ability of the physician whom I have described to you. Happy are those who can do without him! and still happier those who require no other!

'Our officious interpreter, however, having returned, we went with him to the king, who received us in the brilliant costume of which I have already spoken, but with such a stiff air, that we immediately supposed his limbs had been accustomed to greater freedom.

'I sketched his portrait along with that of his wife, and included in the picture his principal officers, lying at his feet, and his two life-guards with birds-feather cloaks, who, with drawn swords, appeared ready to defend him. We presented the sovereigns with an Indian shawl, and a pair of handsome ear-rings; but we had the mortification to see that they received our presents with indifference, and without appearing to attach the slightest value to them.'

In the Sandwich Islands—

'The punishment of death is inflicted here in various ways; and, as if suffering was regarded as nothing, they begin by subjecting the criminal to a forty-eight hours' fast. This wholly differs from the system of the Brazilian tribes, who, previous to punishing, indulge their prisoners of war with every pleasure which can make them regret the loss of life. Here, as soon as the two days' fast is terminated, they conduct the criminal, bound, to a morai, at the door of which the high priest is in waiting for him, and pronounces a certain formula, the meaning of which I have not been able to ascertain. Two or three persons then lay the criminal down on a piece of wood, placing his head on a stone; whilst the executioner, who is chosen indiscriminately from among the most athletic of the spectators, dispatches him by a violent blow on the forehead, with a club. His body is either interred immediately, or left to the birds of prey, according to the will of the priest or the nature of the crime.

'Another mode is,—the criminal is fixed with his back to a cocoa-nut tree, and strangled by two men, who pass a cord round his neck, and draw it with great force, supporting themselves by another tree at a short distance from the first.'

From the Sandwich Islands the expedition sailed to New South Wales, and we are sure our readers will be amused by the very profound and sentimental description that M. Arago gives of English crime and New South Wales; with this view we copy one whole chapter, which, however, is a very brief one:—

'England was infested by thieves and highwaymen; girls of the town were the ruin of families; a nook of land, almost at the antipodes of London, offered nations a secure asylum from storms; a few whale-fishers, and an experienced captain, gave a brilliant description of this country; a philosopher conceived a generous and philanthropic plan. Ships employed by the state were loaded with those whom the metropolis disowned as their children: they were landed in New Holland....The robber obliterates the remembrance of his crimes by an active and laborious life: the prostitute becomes a wife and a mother, and remembers her errors only to detest them; her children receive from her lessons of probity and honour: the lands are parcelled out by a judicious, impartial, and rigid governor, who bestows with discernment and refuses with firmness: they are cleared by vigorous hands, that acquire from them

wealth, of which the possessor will have no reason to be ashamed. Lofty trees, that ages had so much trouble to rear, are felled and rolled over the ground that fed them. Spacious buildings assume the place of smoky huts; an active and intelligent population is now in motion, and eager in pursuit of pleasure, on the very spot where savages formerly engaged in bloody combats. Obscure paths become broad and level roads: a town arises—a colony is formed—Sydney becomes a flourishing city.

At Liverpool, in New South Wales, M. Arago visited the hospital:—

'My curiosity,' says he, 'led me to ask one of the medical gentlemen, why one of the patients, of a noble countenance, had so obstinately avoided our presence?'—"Because he took you for Englishmen."—"Then he is not an Englishman himself?"—"No: he is an Irishman, and was made prisoner five or six years since. He is a general, and an inveterate enemy of Great Britain. He had already several times passed Kinkham river, to endeavour to live among the savage tribes that inhabit the forests and mountains in the vicinity: but he was retaken, and is detained prisoner at the hospital. I tremble for his reason. When he is walking in the garden, I almost always hear him pronouncing the words, *Englishmen, tyrants, horror, eternal war*. The other patients avoid him; and, if he meet one in his way, he turns him aside with a motion of his foot, or with one of his looks, the expressiveness of which you must have observed. His name is Oh, I forgot that he has desired me not to make it known. I said to him but yesterday, 'good day, general.—Good day.—How do you do?'—'Very ill: I am getting better . . . but Kinkham river is not far off: cure me quickly.'

'I shall see this Irishman again on my return.'

Until M. Arago (who appears to have been finely hoaxed) does see the Irishman again, we shall bid him adieu. That the work is amusing, will be seen from our extracts, but that it is superficial, so far as M. Arago's labours go, is certain; but if the result of the expedition was not so important as might have been wished, or even expected, yet as the most unsuccessful circumnavigator contributes something towards enlarging the boundaries of science, these labours ought not to be slighted.

We ought to add, that the work contains twenty-six of the best executed lithographic prints we have seen, from original drawings by M. Arago.

Credit Pernicious. 8vo. pp. 43, London, 1823.

WHAT foul fiend e'er put it into the mouth of an author to say that credit is pernicious, we know not; but we could produce authorities, from the blind beggar Homer, down to the last poor scribe,

who was unable to pay the week's rent of his garret, (including names of the highest authority) that credit is beneficial—to authors at least, though few, perhaps, know it less.

The pamphlet before us is on the subject of the laws of debtor and creditor; a subject on which we have lately been so beset (not by bills—though all the members of both houses of parliament have for many years past) by pamphlets, letters, addresses in the newspapers, &c., that we have almost fancied our critical bed of justice a court for the relief of insolvent debtors, and our own proper person first commissioner.

But to come to the pamphlet before us, which contains much good sense and many just observations. The author says, properly, that credit is often given where it is neither necessary nor convenient;—not necessary, as in the cases of salaried clerks, officers employed by government, &c. Credit to such persons is often pernicious, as it leads them to exceed their income. The next evil which presents itself is, the multiplication of law-suits, and the expense they occasion, and he certainly gives us a sad picture of this frightful evil. He says—

'As to the number of actions now commenced annually for small sums I have not made inquiry; but I am able to state some particulars of actions instituted in *Middlesex alone* in 1793*, which will shew that if their number be now less, even by one half, than it was at that time, the evil under our immediate consideration is yet enormous.

'In 1793, the number of *bailable writs* (writs on which the parties were to be arrested) issued in Middlesex was 11,105.

'Among these are not, of course, included the writs issued for sums under ten pounds, upon which there could be no arrest; and these *unbailable writs*, as they are called, are computed to be as numerous as all the bailable writs.

'Of the first-mentioned number of bailable writs, there were issued for debts under twenty pounds, 4965.

'Of actions that went to execution, through the most expensive part of the proceedings at least in all cases, and in some through all the proceedings, there were debts under twenty pounds, no fewer than 753.

'In this number are not included those actions that were settled on the eve of issuing the execution.

'At least half of these 753 executions were for debts under ten pounds, viz. 376.

'In the same year were issued bailable writs for debts of between twenty and thirty pounds, 1878.

* 'In the year 1792, a committee of the House of Commons reported that a woman had been imprisoned in one of the county gaols, forty-five years, for a debt of nineteen pounds.'

'And executions for debts within the same limits, 389.'

There is one observation of this writer which is strikingly just—it is that while tradesmen commonly make an undue profit upon the credit they give to the consumer, by putting an extravagant price on the goods upon which, to some persons they give a long day of payment, they do not proportionally diminish it to others who are more prompt; thus, the ready-money customer is made to pay a sort of insurance on the bad debts the tradesman may contract. We do not so fully agree with the author's plan of lessening credit by making a law that sums of between 40s. and 100l. should not be recoverable; nor, much as we join with him in lamenting many of the evils of which he complains, do we see how they can altogether be remedied. We, however, recommend his pamphlet as containing more good sense than has generally been employed, either in parliament or out of it, on the subject of the debtor and creditor law.

Letters on the Art of Miniature Painting.

By L. MANSION, 12mo. pp. 180. London, 1823.

WHATEVER we may be able to accomplish by our critical labours, we certainly have not the vanity to believe that we could make what we could never become ourselves,—a miniature painter. It is, therefore, with a firm conviction, that our most faithful analysis of this work would be unavailing, that we prefer giving no analysis of it at all. We have read several of the letters of Mr. Mansion, with which we confess ourselves much pleased: he appears to be perfectly master of his subject, and conveys practical instruction in a familiar manner. To a pupil acquainted with drawing and possessing some genius for the art of sketching portraits, these letters will be found to contain much useful instruction.

Original.

A VISIT TO THE PRISONS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

LIKE many of my neighbours I have been lately pretty liberally served with notices from debtors of mine, who were about to take the benefit of the blessed act for the relief of insolvent debtors. I very seldom trouble myself to look after these matters at all, but generally take the aforesaid service as a receipt in full of all demands, and light my pipe with it, thus saving some better bit of paper; but the two last that I had the happiness of receiving, came from debt-

ors who owed me such large sums, that I determined at all events to visit them in prison, and see how *poor, penniless, insolvent men* dragged on their wretched lives till the day of discharge arrived.

One of the parties was a *gentleman* (which as far as I know, *now a days*, only means a man without any visible mode of getting his bread), and the other, a dashing half-pay officer, whether ensign or lieutenant I never could very well make out, but called *captain* as a matter of course. Of these, as I gathered from the notices, the first was in the Fleet (would to heaven he had been on board Nelson's fleet years ago), and the second in the King's Bench.

Having always had a great horror of debt and prison myself, I was ignoramus enough to imagine, that a man in prison must needs be a man in misery; but I was much mistaken, as you shall hear. Upon asking at the gate of the Fleet whether Mr. ——— was there, I was answered in the affirmative, and allowed to pass in; here I was set upon by a parcel of fellows, whose business it seems is to go round like town-criers in search of the person you may want; expecting of course to be paid for their trouble. One of these vociferators soon found Mr. ——— for me, but not as I fancied I should find him, up in the corner of some dreary cell, dirty and unshaved, leaning his head on his hand, and bemoaning his unhappy fate; but gaily attired, with a dashing fur cap on his head, and employed in banging a ball up and down against the high wall with a sort of battledore, and attended by three or four *jolly dogs* like himself.

I was thunderstruck. Can this be a prison? thought I; with fun and gambling of all sorts going on around me; or have I got the night-mare, and is it a dreadful dream? I had lent this *gentleman* three hundred pounds upon a bill, which he assured me was *quite as good as the Bank of England*; but which I hardly need add, was dishonoured. As soon as his game was finished, he came up to me, shook me by the hand, and cried, 'Ah! my old boy, is it you? what, are you come to lend me t'other fifty? Come, come, don't look so *knowing* and so grave, and all that sort of thing: why, you seem exactly as if you were going to say "no." Well, never mind, if you can't spare fifty, twenty-five will do; and if my I O U is not good enough, here's this gentleman, my chum, will give you his bill for it, and that's *Bank of England*, or indeed *better*, for I shan't mind *five per cent.*, and there you only get four.' Thus he went on

bantering, so that I could not get in a word; and ended by enquiring 'whether I meant to treat him with a bottle of wine, or he must treat me?' I positively refused to drink wine in a prison, and rushed out full of astonishment and vexation; I had gone there, notwithstanding my loss, to have consoled him if I had found him in wretchedness; but what I had seen completely staggered me; here was a *ruined man*, as he would have it thought, behaving in a prison as if he was independent of the world; and I really began to think the creditors would be the ruined men, and not the debtors, if 'such things were.'

Surely, thought I, there can be no other prison like this, nor another prisoner like the one I have seen; and I crossed Blackfriars Bridge and proceeded to the King's Bench; where I enquired at the gate if Captain ——— was not a prisoner. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Then I wish to see him,' said I, and made a motion as if to go in, but was stopped with 'he is not here, sir.' 'Then how can he be a prisoner?' asked I. 'Oh! he is in the *rules*; you will find him at No. — in — Row, *about three quarters of a mile down the road*; except he happens to be out for a ride, or a walk, or is gone to town with a *horse* for the day.' 'And this you call being a prisoner, do you?' said I. 'Certainly, these are our *rules*.' By way of being witty, I said, 'If these are your *rules*, I cannot say much for your *regulations*.' The iron-featured gaoler had no wit in him, for he did not relax a muscle, so I lost my joke in addition to all the money I had lost. I however, determined to see the captain's prison; and therefore went to the number and row named, and found a smart private house, with a pretty garden before it, and balconies to the first-floor windows. On this floor lodged the captain, and I had the curiosity to ask of the servant who shewed me up, what he paid for it;—*two guineas a week!* here was another *ruined and insolvent* man.

By this time it was near five o'clock, for I had set out on my expedition after an early dinner; and being shewn into the captain's apartment, found a party of *gentlemen*, sitting round a table with a handsome dessert (oh! that they had their *deserts*!) and three or four sorts of wine on it. I was welcomed here much in the same sort of way as at the Fleet; a chair and wine placed for me, and an introduction offered by the captain in this manner; 'Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to some of our

rulers, good fellows I assure you.' God keep us from such rulers, thought I, as I made an awkward sort of half bow. The captain expressed himself as being *delighted* to see me; it was so *kind of me* to come and visit him in his *temporary retirement*; and so forth. He also said, that when he came out, which would be in a few days, he should *know his friends*; whether he meant for borrowing money of them again, or to pay what he owed them, I could not understand, but I fear the former. I did not like my situation; I felt as if I sat upon thorns, so stammering out an excuse that they would wait tea for me at home, I hastily departed, leaving a *ruler* roaring 'we are the lads that life enjoy.'

My ideas were a complete chaos all the way home; I could not make up my mind as to which I disliked most; the behaviour of my precious pair of debtors, (who, from what I can understand are a tolerably fair sample;) the regulation of the interior of a prison; the widely extended (I had nearly said *infamous*) rules; or the act for the relief of insolvent debtors; and when I got into my snug parlour, I was still so full of cogitation, that I had nearly offended an old friend who had come to take a cup of tea and a game at cribbage with me, by abruptly asking him, when he meant to *take the benefit*, '*benefit!*' said he, '*benefit*, sir; benefit of what?' I begged his pardon, and explained; he forgave my unintentional rudeness, and we soon got to our *penny game*; but, I believe, we never played so badly in our lives; for our conversation turned upon rules, prisons, debtors, and insolvent acts, instead of *fifteen two and a pair is four*. Perhaps I may some day indulge the public with our ideas upon these matters. J. M. L.*

* While we give insertion to the letter of our ingenious correspondent, we are far from agreeing with him in his condemnation of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. That it may have errors, and may be capable of much improvement, we will admit; but what are the evils of a few fraudulent debtors escaping, compared to the miseries which every gaol in England presented, previous to its being passed, when, for a trifling sum, an unfortunate man, however virtuous, was left at the mercy of the creditor, who would exhaust his own means in order to keep his wretched victim in gaol. The principle of an insolvent act is equitable and humane, and the nearer it approaches the Scottish law, the *cessio bonorum*, the nearer it comes to perfection. We might also add, that in the annals of the insolvent debtors' courts, as many of our courts of law have proved, there are fraudulent creditors as well as fraudulent debtors; and that many a young man, known to be without a shilling, but of good expectancy, has been seduced to purchase goods which he did not require, and which were

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AMERICAN BURYING GROUNDS.

BY PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

THE original settlers of New Haven, following the custom of their native country, buried their dead in a church-yard. Their church was erected on the green, or public square; and the yard laid out immediately behind it in the north-western half of the square. While the Romish apprehension concerning consecrated burial places, and concerning peculiar advantages, supposed at the resurrection to attend those who are interred in them, remained, this location of burial grounds seems to have been not unnatural. But since this apprehension has been perceived by common sense to be groundless and ridiculous, the impropriety of such a location forces itself upon every mind. It is always desirable that a burial ground should be a solemn object to man; because in this manner it easily becomes a source of useful instruction and desirable impressions; but when placed in the centre of a town and in the current of daily intercourse, it is rendered too familiar to the eye to have any beneficial effect on the heart. From its proper, venerable character, it is degraded into a mere common object; and speedily loses all its connection with the invisible world in a gross and vulgar union with the ordinary business of life.

Beside these disadvantages, this ground was filled with coffins, and monuments, and must either be extended farther over the beautiful tract, unhappily chosen for it, or must have its place supplied by a substitute. To accomplish these purposes, and to effectuate a removal of the numerous monuments of the dead, already erected, whenever the consent of their survivors could be obtained; the Honourable James Hillhouse, one of the inhabitants, to whom the town, the state, and the country, owe more than to almost any of their citizens, in the year 1796, purchased near the north western corner of the original town, a field of ten acres; which, aided by several respectable gentlemen, he levelled and enclosed. The field was then divided into parallelograms, handsomely railed, and separated by alleys of sufficient breadth to permit carriages to pass each other. The whole field, except four lots given to the several congregations and the college, and a lot destined for the reception of the charged three or four times their actual value. We have deemed these observations necessary, lest we should be thought joining in the ungenerous clamour which is now raised against the act for the relief of persons confined for debt who are insolvent.—E.D.

poor, was distributed into family burying-places; purchased at the expense actually incurred; and secured by law from every civil process. Each parallelogram is sixty-four feet in breadth, and thirty-five feet in length. Each family burying-ground is thirty-two feet in length, and eighteen in breadth; and against each an opening is made to admit a funeral procession. At the divisions between the lots, trees are set out in the alleys, and the name of each proprietor is marked on the railing. The monuments in this ground are almost universally of marble; in a few instances from Italy; in the rest, found in this and the neighbouring states. A considerable number are obelisks; others are tables; and others slabs placed at the head and foot of the grave. The obelisks are placed, universally, on the middle line of the lots; and thus stand in a line successively, through the parallelograms. The top of each post, and the railing are painted white; the remainder of the post black. After the lots were laid out, they were all thrown into a common stock. A meeting was then summoned of such inhabitants as wished to become proprietors. Such as attended drew for their lots; and located them at their pleasure. Others in great numbers have since purchased them; so that a great part of the field is now taken up.

It is believed that this cemetery is altogether a singularity in the world. I have accompanied many Americans and many foreigners into it; not one of whom had ever seen, or heard of any thing of a similar nature. It is incomparably more solemn and impressive than any spot of the same kind within my knowledge; and, if I am to credit the declaration of others, within theirs. An exquisite taste for propriety is discovered in every thing belonging to it; exhibiting a regard for the dead, reverential but not ostentatious, and happily fitted to influence the views and feelings of the succeeding generations.

COUSIN LUCY.

A PARODY ON LORD BYRON'S DON JUAN.

(From an American paper.)

CHAPTER I.

Last century;—I'm not exact concerning
The year: 'twas 'seventeen hundred, ninety
odd;
All nature's wheels, as usual, were turning;
And I was tumbled on this earthly clod.
I came among you, without teeth or learning,
And was not taller than a candle rod—
In short; a little snarling cross-grain'd whelp,
Uglier than common;—that I could not help.

There are some people who seem doomed to
sail

Stern foremost always down the stream of
life;

Think to scoop wealth like lamp oil from a
whale,

So run in debt at bank, or get a wife,
Or some such cursed thing; then go to jail;
And then swear out: or, if they've any wit,
Make a long face, and get the 'benefit

Of the act.' And then they may walk about
As large as Cuffee.

* * * * *

Our fellow men; how shockingly they treat us,
All are tormentors; every mother's son.

When boys at school, our masters pinch and
beat us;

And thus it is until life's race is run;
The preachers scold us and the lawyer cheats
us,

The doctors pull our teeth out, one by one;
Till we, worn out at last, from life withdraw;
Our heirs then bury us, and—go to law.

As to the women, they're about the same;
At least they do appear so unto me;

I once thought highly of them, ere I came
To know how well their words and deeds
agree;

For there was one, at least, whom I shall name,
Whose vows were like the bubbles on the sea;
So that my good opinion is diminish'd:
You'll see the cause before my tale is finish'd.

Lucy was handsome, so I always thought her;
That is, look'd better than the common run

Of girls about here; was an only daughter,
And seem'd demure and modest as a nun;
But if you ever in a falsehood caught her,
Her tell-tale cheeks proclaim'd the mischief
done;

Then, there would be a little spot on each,
Red, as the south-east corner of a peach.

Her little eyes—how very bright they were!

Her teeth and skin were white as spermaceti;
Then, the full ringlets of her raven hair,

Clustering, and falling on her neck, so jetty;
That neck, which seem'd for mortal mould too
fair,

For every body said 'twas pretty.

With those black eyes which used to snap and
wink so;

She was a pretty creature: don't you think so?

It seem'd as if some nameless charm had thrown
A grace o'er all her lightly rounded form.

Her voice, the hearer felt its every tone
Strike on his heart so feelingly and warm;

At sorrow's tale her eye in pity shone,
Mild as the bow that gilds the fading storm.

But she did cut a most confounded caper:
I'll tell you what it was in Monday's paper.

LUCY'S COUSIN.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LEARNING.

THE following is an extract from a speech
of Mr. Montgomery the poet, a few days
ago, on opening a Philosophical Society
at Sheffield:—

'In all the classic regions of antiquity,
whether monarchies or republics, knowledge
was a species of freemasonry; none but the
initiated were the depositaries of its secrets,
and these privileged persons were almost
universally princes, nobles, priests, or men
of high degree, including those who, from

bent of genius, or other auspicious circumstances, were devoted by choice, or compelled by office, to the cultivation of letters and philosophy. The vulgar, the profane vulgar, the multitude, the million, were jealously and cruelly excluded from the benefits of learning, except in so far as these were necessarily and benignly reflected upon them in the kinder conduct and more affable manners of their masters and superiors; for long before Bacon uttered the immortal oracle—"knowledge is power," the ancients were aware of that mystery, unsuspected by the ignorant, whom they ruled by that very power, the power of knowledge, both in spiritual and temporal dominion, as their subjects and their slaves. Now and then, indeed, an Aesop, a Terence, or an Epictetus, by the irrepressible buoyancy of native genius, rose from the dust of servile degradation, to vindicate the honour of outraged humanity, and teach both kings and sages, that in the thickest shell of a slave there is the kernel of a man, which only grows not because it is not planted; or when planted only flourishes not, because it is unworthily beaten down and trampled under foot by those who ought to have cherished and pruned and reared it to fertility. Oh, what a waste of mind and worth, what havoc of talent and capacity, of every degree and of every kind, is implied in that perpetuated thralldom of ignorance, wherein the bulk of mankind, through every age and nation under Heaven, have been held, by tyrants as brutish as themselves, who knew nothing about knowledge, except that they feared it; or by the more flagrant injustice of those who possessed, but durst not, or would not communicate it to the multitude! The aristocracy of learning has been the veriest despotism that was ever exercised on earth; for it was bondage both to soul and body in those who were its victims. Thousands and thousands of spirits, immortal spirits, have dwelt in human bodies, almost unconscious of their own existence, and utterly ignorant of their unawakened powers, which, had instruction been always as universal as it is at this day, might with Newton have unfolded the laws of the universe—with Bacon have detected the arcana of nature, by the talisman of experiment—or with Locke have taught the mind, with introverted eye, to look at itself, and range at home through all the invisible world of thought. Had this been the case three thousand years ago, the abstrusest branches of natural philosophy, and metaphysics themselves, might now have been as intelligible, and as certain in their data and conclusions as the mathematics and mechanics, or the abstract principles of jurisprudence.

Original Poetry.

EPISTOLARY TIDINGS FROM BRISTOL.

WERE you ever at Bristol?—This time of the year,
The city, like London, is foggy and drear:
Pass into the streets, all the ladies you meet
Are muffled, and muffled from their heads to their feet;

The aged crawl over the stones with a stick
And batches of bachelors shuffle, as quick
As the maidens whose noses are purpled and keen,
By fretting for husbands in shadows so lean;
With the bleak wind the cheeks of the young
are as red
As fully-blown roses in botany's bed,
And their light stirring limbs hurry out of the cold,
Just as though youthful joyance would never be old;
Like flowers in sunshine they lash down their eyes,
For they will not be gazed at unless by surprise;
And the time to drink freely, the liquid they blaze,
Is when evening approaches,—then ladies can gaze.
Though Bristol is famed for her commerce and wares,
Her fighters of mettle, her metals at fairs,
Her Belchers and Neates,—her neat belchers for necks,
Her cribbage for cribbers,—her checkers for checks,
Her clothers and her wool,—and her ringers and Friths,
Her Chattertons, Rowleys;—her Westleys and Smiths:
Yet like as in London, next door you may live
Unknown to your neighbour unless you can give.
What is life?—'Tis in Bristol. Here creatures resort,
They fill up their leisure as puppets the court,
The fashions they copy in foolish extreme,
And think their existence consists in a dream;
One praises his horse for its hands and its tail,
And vows in a steeple-chase never 'twould fail;
Like Gulliver stretching, suppose it was rent,
It would join ere the race and the rider were spent;
Another, his dog and his gun praises up;
A third, Tony Lumpkin-like, sticks to his cup;
The fourth, slaps his boots with a whip and a twirl,
And shows his false teeth, which are blacker than pearl;
A *scratch*, not old nick, nor that Sheridan made,
Which suited young Vapid when he was a blade,
But a *fit*, unconvulsed that will never be gray,
Though its wearer may wearily wear it away;
In short, four or five, are but samples, like grain
Of the whole which unmentioned in folly remain.
I went to a ball at the 'Bonny Blue Bell!'
There were misses more numerous than memory can tell:
Mistakes there were sev'ral—some slips—what a shame!
Nay, *fi donc*!—I mean *slips* of paper,—not blame.
Miss *Foot-it-so-lightly*! I took by the hand,—
'Twas a taking delight, for she took the command!
Twelve couple were *paired*! (there were *pears* hot and baked,
Which, with liquor delicious our thirstiness slaked)
We marked the wild music on oak shining wood,
And laughed at the clock that went on while it stood—
Save myself, but one oddity shone in our mirth,
'Twas a *fiddler*, a cripple by nature and birth,

He was blind, but the whites of his eyes in the trance
Moved faster than fancy or vision could dance.
I went down—I crossed over—I turned and I set,
But the fiddler's *short whites* in each motion I met,
And his legs and his knees and his elbows they went,
Like his fingers by Momus or Mercury sent.
His nose twisted round and his mouth open'd wide,
While his tongue lapped the foam that frothed out on each side.
We rested,—he grinned;—we applauded,—he drank;
And the rosin scraped over his bow:—(but a prank,
A roguish-eyed girl, bless her name! I've forgot it—
Played neatly—she greased it with tallow :) he caught it.
All were ready, hands, eyes, feet, and hearts were prepared
To give Love all the blessings his honours had shared.
No sound would escape from the strings, though his arm
Was repeated in skill's own peculiar charm.
He tugged and he strove and he stamped and he raved,
Worse than Handel the wag had incensed and outbraved:
All was hopeless, his anger, by bribe or control,
No concord could raise in his musical soul;
He started and left us, yet, spite of his wings,
We had partners, and they were superlative things!
And the wine and the kisses, soft words and kind airs,
Were wrought behind doors and were tasted in stairs:
Nothing more, on my word! it was innocent fun
To make blushes spread wider and deeper and run;
There were sighs, yes, believe me! I sigh to this hour!
A *coquette* was my partner, I breathe by her power!
The gems in this place, not the *Bristol-Stone* cits,
Are in love to their ears, hence in danger their wits.
Where are mine?—What is love? 'tis a ticklish thing
Which makes us rejoice, or despair it will bring;
I have moped on the quay, on the bridge, and the green,
I would marry the teasing and beautiful queen,
But she treats me with laughter and smiles me aside,
In the charms of her manners and elegant pride.
What is hope?—Shall a *rival* at Clifton be met?
Paces taken and second?—shots fired in a *pet*?
Shall I risk other value? the friendships of friends?
Oh! no: for it is not the valiant commends,
Nor the coward who shrinks from this honour, to be
The survivor of *murder*. I hate the decree!
If I never can gain her, I love her not less;
If she love as sincerely, her beauty will bless:
No woman is happy, without *she can know*
One heart she has won, for the heart she'll bestow:

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Thus it is not or London, or Bristol, will give
Bliss here or hereafter, save loving we live.
Feb. 13, 1823. P.

TO ———.

WHEN I shall sleep under the waving grass,
And the night-winds sigh as they o'er me pass,
Wilt thou sigh too?

When wild flowers droop o'er my early grave,
And the clouds weep rain, their young sweets
to save :
Wilt thou weep too?

Some smile on Death's shadowy phantom-shore,
In the hope to meet those they loved before :
Wilt thou smile then?

I should like the young flowers to bloom and
grow
Over my grave, while I sleep below :
Say, shall they, love?

My grave shall be silent, calm, and lone;
Only to those who love me known :
Sure thou art one?

Y. F.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE Oratorios have commenced this season, under the able direction of Mr. Bochsa; but this anomalous species of entertainment seems evidently on the decline, since, though they take place but on Wednesdays and Fridays, alternately at each theatre, they are even then far from bringing such audiences as might be expected.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Braham and Miss Stevens are carrying all before them in opera at this theatre; and, in addition to *Guy Mannering*, *Artaxerxes*, and *Love in a Village*, which have been admirably performed, Liston contributes his strength either in opera or in farce: a new piece, under the latter designation, entitled, *Deaf as a Post*, has been produced, in which there is some good acting by Liston, Cooper, and others; although the dialogue contains some smart hits, it is altogether but a very rickety composition, of which we feel doubtful whether to speak in the past or present tense.

COVENT GARDEN.—*The Beggars' Opera*, if so it can be justly called as played at this house, gave Mr. Larkin an opportunity to represent its hero, Captain Macheath, on Saturday last. Miss Paton was the Polly Peachum of the evening, and Miss Hallande, Lucy Lockit. The want of a fit male representative for the character of the captain has repeatedly, of late, set the task to several ladies, Miss Hallande among the number, and it is admitted that they generally gave a correct notion of the animation and vigour that should be thrown into the character, but it is to be regretted, that there is yet no suit-

able gentleman for the part.—Mr. Larkin is a very respectable singer and actor, but when singing with Miss Paton his vocal powers and taste appear evidently unfit to maintain the first station in opera.

On Wednesday *The Comedy of Errors* and a new farce, entitled *The Duel, or My Two Nephews*, were performed; in the former Mr. Blanchard took Mr. Liston's place as Dromio of Syracuse, and filled it admirably, and Miss Paton succeeded Miss Stephens as Adriana; her song of 'Lo! here the gentle lark' was brilliantly given and most rapturously encored; the whole of her singing as well as acting was very effective.—

Miss Tree also merits distinguished encomiums; her performances are always graceful, natural, and delightful.—The farce, as its title would infer, has its foundation in a duel, which has been fought between Lieut. Henry Buoyant and his captain, in which the latter is wounded, and this makes it necessary for the lieutenant, (Mr. Baker) to keep himself concealed and he accordingly takes refuge with his second, Tourniquet, (Mr. Chapman) at an inn near his uncle's: this uncle, Sir Pryer Oldencourt (Mr. W. Farren) is an eccentric gentleman, of the old school, and a friend of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield of whose manners and morals he is an ardent admirer. Sir Pryer has a ward, (Miss Love) beloved of the lieutenant, and this gentleman has a brother, Augustus, (Mr. Jones) whom the baronet wishes her to marry. Both nephews are invited by the uncle, who, from an old family quarrel, has never yet seen either of them, and Augustus, for several reasons, assumes his brother's garb and appears in a naval uniform: he is a young gentleman of the new school, delights in boxing and similar elegant sports, and has an ignorant sturdy Irishman in train, (Mr. Connor) under his own immediate care, for a prize fight, whom he passes off as a surgeon. The uncle receives a letter apprizing him of the unfortunate issue of the lieutenant's duel and informing him of the secrecy in which he and his friend are living. Augustus Buoyant is pursued for debt by Rumfit, (Keeley) a cockney tailor and a sheriff's officer, and the circumstances are so mingled and misunderstood by the uncle, and so drolly combined and developed, as to keep up continual laughter. Finally, Rumfit succeeds in arresting Buoyant; the lieutenant and ward are brought happily together; Sir Pryer consents to their union, reprehends Augustus for his low pursuits, and pays his debts;

Henry Buoyant is apprized of his antagonist's recovery, and the scene closes to the satisfaction of all parties. The dialogue in the beginning of the first act is somewhat tedious, and not distinguished by the wit and smartness that pervades the rest of this excellent piece, which is characterized by broad chaste humour, laughable puns, and much equivoque. The incidents are truly farcical, but too numerous to be described in our limits, and it must suffice for us to observe, that the characters are well drawn, well contrasted, and admirably played. The *Duel* was completely successful and announced for repetition amidst loud cheering.

The Bee.

On hearing Mori's Violin-Concerto at Drury Lane, January 30.

When Mori's famed concerto past,
And in harmonic beauty died;
Memory, contemplating his skill,
'Memento Mori!' sweetly sighed'

J. R. P.

Original and Authentic Anecdote of Cooke the Miser.—When Cooke, the well-known miser (whose life was written by the late ingenious Mr. Chamberlain,) was at the point of death, he sent for a Mr. B——, then an eminent sugar-baker, in which line Cooke himself had been engaged in the early part of his life. When Mr. B. waited on him, said Cooke, with a smile of death on his face, 'I say, B., what is L——y worth; I shall die richer than he!'—'D'y'e think H. is worth more than a plumb? He, he, I say, B.? I could buy them both. When I am dead and gone, what will the sugar-bakers say, that old Cooke died worth two plumbs?—Yeh!' Mr. B. being hurt with the triumph thus expressed, by a man in Cooke's dying state, advised him to prepare for another world, but his advice had no apparent effect, for Cooke still repeated the same phrenzied joy till he expired.

The Press.—The radical hostility of tyrants to the circulation of thought, is strongly depicted in the reply of Sir Wm. Berkley, Governor of Virginia, to certain questions relating to that colony, propounded from abroad in 1760:

'I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have any these one hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!'

What an admirable text for the Holy Alliance.

The Inquisition.—A play, under this title, has recently been exhibited at the theatre in Havana, night after night, wherein the horrors of that tribunal are displayed in the most lively colours to the audience.

Coat Armour.—It was customary for knights to bear their coats-of-arms painted either upon the rims or in the middle of their shields, and their helmets were adorned with different crests, which, together with the arms, remained to their families. Some good authors have described the origin of this custom, from whence the modern science of heraldry was derived, to the institution of tilts and tournaments in the tenth century; but others date it from the crusade, under Godfrey of Bouillon, when the confusion, arising from so great a number of noblemen and different nations serving together, made them invent these distinctions. A late ingenious French writer has very justly observed, that wearing such ensigns on their shields, and appropriating them to distinguish particular families, could not have been the general practice in Europe till after the death of William the Conqueror, for, if it had, his son Robert must have known him by his armour, and could not ignorantly have thrown him to the ground.

Few books in the English language have risen so rapidly in value as the first edition of Shakespeare's works. Half a century ago, a fine copy of the folio edition was sold for five guineas, and a superb one for thirteen. Plain copies in tolerable condition have since sold for thirty-six guineas.

A lady, an ancestor of the Rev. Mr. Elderton, who was in the court of Queen Anne during her last illness, begged a token of remembrance; the queen ordered her to open a drawer, and bring twelve napkins with the royal arms; 'there,' said her majesty, 'take these; they belonged to my father; and, whenever you look at them, think on the instability of earthly grandeur.' These napkins are carefully preserved in Mr. Elderton's family.

Seneca relates, of one Caius Julius, that he was playing at chess when the centurion, who led a troop of condemned men to death, commanded him also to join them. Having nearly finished his game, he counted his men, and said to the person with whom he played, 'beware, when I am dead, that thou believest me not, and say that thou hast won the game.' Then, bowing to the centurion, he said, 'bear me witness that I have the advantage.'

One *Napoleon Buonaparte* Hemmenway has petitioned the legislature of Massachusetts to alter his name!

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY and Rosa, or the Maniac, in our next. We shall be happy to receive the further communications Mr. L. promises.

In our next, we shall give an interesting biographical memoir of Mr. William Playfair, the brother of the late Professor Playfair, and one of the most prolific writers of his day.

Advertisements.

Just published, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards, **COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS**; or, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes, Notices, and Sketches, from various Sources; with Occasional Remarks. By JOHN STEWART, Esq.

Printed for OLIVER and BOYD, Edinburgh; and G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, London.

Just published, price 9s., No. VII., of **THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW.**

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LITERARY NOTICE.

THE following are the principal Pamphlets recorded in the next No. of *The Pamphleteer*, which will be published in a few days:

- 1. Henry VIII's Love Letters to Anna Boleyn [Original].—2. An Alphabetical List of the Members of the House of Commons, showing the Places they represent; and distinguishing those who hold Places, and who are dependent on the present Administration; and also those who hold Commissions in the Navy or Army, and how they voted on the fourteen great Questions divided on during the Sessions of 1821 and 1822; and the Minorities on thirty-six Questions.—3. Short Discussion on the Spanish Question. [Original].—4. Postscript to Obs. on the Agricultural and National Dis-

treff. [Original].—5. Dr. Maclean on the British Quarantine Laws, &c. [Original].—6. J. Lowe on the Policy of recognising the Independence of South America.—7. A Plan for suppressing Mendicity, abolishing the present System of Parochial Taxation, and ameliorating the lower Classes.—8. On the Vinous Fermentation, &c.—9. Rev. J. W. Cunningham's Caution to Continental Travellers. &c. &c. &c.

New Novel.

This day was published, price 21s. boards, the Second Edition of **OSMOND, a Tale; in Three Volumes, 12mo.**

By the Author of 'The Favourite of Nature.' Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave Maria Lane.

'The high reputation which the author of "The Favourite of Nature" acquired, by the publication of those deeply interesting volumes, will not, we are sure, suffer any diminution by the publication of "Osmond." The pleasure we derived from the perusal of the former work, made us look forward with some anxiety to the appearance of "Osmond;" and, we are happy to say, our expectations have not been disappointed.'—Monthly Magazine, Dec. 1822.

'Caroline's death is truly affecting; and of the after-meeting between Osmond and his angelic wife, and their parting interview, we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. We yield the amiable author our unqualified eulogy for the religious tendency of the book; and, as a parting word, we consider "Osmond" one of the most successful novels of that class which undertake to wean us from strong passions, and teach us the philosophy of virtue.'—Literary Register, Nov. 9, 1822.

Also, by the same Author, **THE FAVOURITE OF NATURE**, in three vols. 12mo. Third Edition, price 21s. boards.

Also, lately published, **THE SCHOOL for MOTHERS**; or, The Politics of a Village. In three vols. 12mo. price 21s. boards.

Diseases of the Skin, such as Leprosy, Ring-Worm, Tetters, Scorbatic Eruptions, &c.

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